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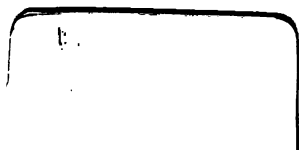
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The Babes in the Wood.



The J. M. Longball
In memory of The
Author

August - 1903



THE BABES IN THE WOOD.

GEORGE R. DURHAM'S

LAST PANTOMIME

THE BABES IN THE WOOD.

Dedicated

TO THE MEMORY OF A

DUTIFUL AND AFFECTIONATE SON.

WITH PREFACE BY ONE OF THE COMPANY.

PORTOBELLO:

THOMAS ADAMS & SONS, TOWER STREET.

1903.

Thy Life was full of winsome grace,
With love thy heart was warm ;
'Twas joy to greet thy smiling face,
Thy goodness was thy charm.

Thy talents rare were all God-given,
Used by thee wisely, well ;
Thou brought'st sunshine to hearts and homes,
The poor this tale may tell.

Forbid that we should mourn and weep,
Or grudge thy peaceful rest !
Thy work is done, sweet is thy sleep—
God's will is ever best !

MADGE FORTUNE.

7th April 1902.

P R E F A C E.

For the past five years the late Mr George Durham produced a pantomime in Portobello at Christmas-time which had become gradually more ambitious as success crowned each yearly effort. The proceeds of these performances, given latterly at the Town Hall, were devoted to charitable objects, and in this way considerable assistance was rendered to various local institutions.

The general public, seeing only the public performances of these productions, can have little or no conception of the amount of labour, both physical and mental, entailed in the organising of such entertainments. This labour extended over a period of many months, during which Mr Durham wrote an original book in rhyme around the fairy tale chosen as the theme of his pantomime, the lines bristling with local allusions. The selection and arrangement of melodies and verses for the song medleys, without which no pantomime would be complete, was in itself no small undertaking. But perhaps it was as the time for production drew near that Mr Durham worked hardest and most indefatigably, stage managing every rehearsal for several weeks, inventing and teaching the dances for the various characters and training his chorus. Thereafter he frequently worked into the small hours of the morning on clerical work in connection with the approaching performances, and allowed no detail to pass without his personal attention.

That these efforts were appreciated by the public was evidenced by the crowded houses which gathered to view the representations, two hundred people being turned from the door on one occasion, and that on the third night of the pantomime.

The Press, too, was always warm in its praise of Mr Durham and his work. But comparatively few know how tactfully that work was accomplished. Those who had the pleasure of being associated with him in his productions alone know of his never failing courtesy to young and old, his love of the art which helped to inspire the novice, his willingness to set self aside on every occasion, and his kindness in smoothing apparently insurmountable difficulties. These qualities, as much perhaps as his more brilliant talents, drew his company together, so that his book received a thoroughly sound treatment, everyone working with a will and putting forth his or her best effort for Mr Durham's sake as well as for their own.

Yet all this work was carried out in Mr Durham's spare time. In his business life he was as highly esteemed and proved himself as indispensable, never allowing his hobby to intrude upon his business hours.

With kindly thought for those who assisted her son in his work, either by personal effort or with that appreciation without which all effort seems in vain, Mrs Durham has decided to publish her son's latest composition, "The Babes in the Wood," thinking that some memento of the colleague they worked so loyally to support, or the entertainer they applauded so enthusiastically, may be welcome.

Of this pantomime seven performances in all were given, four in Portobello and three in Edinburgh, and all with complete success. Of Mr Durham himself in these performances the *Portobello Advertiser* said he "acted with all his accustomed verve and inimitable humour. His singing was very good, but

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it was in the funny bye-play that he excelled." Unhappily within a month after the date of the final performance Mr Durham was laid low with a fatal illness, and in less than a week he passed away at the early age of twenty-four.

Much sympathy has been expressed for his relatives, and when the festive season comes round again year by year it will ever bring with it sad regrets of the young life cut off, as it would seem, in the promise of a brilliant career.

"The hand of the reaper
Takes the ears that are hoary,
But the voice of the weeper
Wails manhood in glory.
The autumn winds rushing,
Waft the leaves that are searest,
But our flower was in flushing
When blighting was nearest.
Like the dew on the mountain,
Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
Thou art gone and for ever!"

P. C.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

BARON BALDERDASH	...	...	...	<i>Inwardly a Villain.</i>
LADY TERESA	...	...	...	<i>His Sister.</i>
REDROSE	...	...	...	<i>The Baron's Elder Daughter.</i>
SNOW WHITE	...	...	...	<i>The Baron's Younger Daughter.</i>
ERIC	...	...	...	<i>His Nephew.</i>
IRINA	...	...	...	<i>His Niece.</i>
JAMIE	...	...	...	<i>A supposed Lunatic.</i>
BURKE	...	...	...	<i>A Villain of the deepest dye.</i>
HARE	...	...	...	<i>Another of the same.</i>
MIGNONETTE	...	...	...	<i>A Nurse, sweet as the flower.</i>
SIR MONTAGUE MARTIN				
				<i>Imperial Magistrate of the County of Broadfield.</i>
LADY MONTAGUE	...	...	...	<i>His Wife.</i>
FAIRY	...	...	...	<i>An Emblem of Love.</i>
VILLAGERS, ELVES, ETC.				

SYNOPSIS OF SCENERY.

SCENE 1	...	...	...	The Fairies' Glade.
SCENE 2	...	...	...	The Village of Honeysuckle.
SCENE 3	...	...	...	Near the Baron's Mansion.
SCENE 4	...	...	...	Fringe of Broadfield Woods.
SCENE 5	...	...	...	A Road in Broadfield County.
SCENE 6	...	...	...	The Outskirts of Honeysuckle.
<i>INTERVAL.</i>				
SCENE 7	...	...	...	The Baron's Mansion.
SCENE 8	...	...	...	Another part of Broadfield.
SCENE 9	...	...	...	In Broadfield Woods.
SCENE 10	...	...	...	Road from the Woods.
SCENE 11	...	...	...	Sir Montague Martin's Mansion.

THE BABES IN THE WOOD.

SCENE I.—*The Fairy's Glade.*

Opening Chorus of Elves—Air, "Will you walk into my parlour"?

Now we impart to aching heart
The true love of a fairy,
A watch we keep and never sleep,
So wide-awake and wary.
No one can say in spiteful way
That we are so contrary,
For we are meek to all who seek
The sympathetic fairy.

(Chorus.)

Elves. Light and airy !

Male Voices (in wings). Light and airy !

Elves. Is each fairy !

Male Voices (in wings). Is each fairy !

Elves. In their happy home ;

Bright eyes glancing, joys advancing

Everywhere we roam.

Enter FAIRY.

Fairy. Welcome, little elves of bright and sparkling youth !
Here, in this lovely bower of happiness and truth,
Your little fairy hearts that never seem to fade
Are ready to respond to all who seek your aid.
'Twas by your power, I ween, when Crusoe left his home
That he was borne to land across the surging foam.
In the shape of a magic ring you lent a hand to save
Alladin from distress while shut in a mystic cave.

And while a loving heart shall beat within each form
To guide the weary soul amid the angry storm
Of vice, malice, and hatred, and substitute goodwill,
Peace must lead the way, and love shall conquer still.
But don't forget, I pray, though all must have their share,
That children in the wood demand your foremost care.

Elves. And they shall have it.

Fairy. 'Tis well, for babes should ever share
The passions of our fondest care ;
And where are they who cannot praise
The glories of their childish ways,
Who do not still with joy impart
The highest love to infant heart
To keep each little soul within
Free from the vice of venom'd sin,
To elevate them, as they can,
Above the worldly thoughts of man ?
And woe to all who will not hear
Each childish plea with open ear,
But suffer little lives to fade
Beneath the veil of deathly shade.
Each one who gives their sorrows birth
Commits the greatest crime on earth ;
So let no children suffer pain
So long as fairy realms remain,
And while such powers can firmly stand
Shall love resound throughout the land.

(*Elves sing again to air, "Will you walk into my parlour" ?*)

Elves. No youth or maid need be afraid
While wand'ring near this bower,
For we can stay both night and day
The hand of evil power.
You understand in Fairyland
All themes of love we shower
Upon each head that may be led
For shelter to this bower.

(*Chorus.*)

Elves. Light and airy !

Male Voices (in wings). Light and airy !

Elves. Is each fairy !

Male Voices (in wings). Is each fairy !

Elves. In their happy home ;

Bright eyes glancing, joys advancing,
Everywhere we roam.

Finale of Scene.

SCENE II.—*The Village of Honeysuckle.*

Chorus of Villagers—Air, "Riding down from Bangor."

Winter now departed,
Springtime takes its place ;
Now you see contentment
Rests on every face.
Now the trees with branches
Clothed in verdure green,
Soon will leave in darkness
Winter's icy scene.

But better still is summer,
When the spring's away,
When the pretty flowers
Look so bright and gay.
Haste that glad some season
When the roses bloom,
For we gladly greet them
With their sweet perfume.

But when summer's ended
Cold the breezes blow,
Till we pass through autumn
Back to wintry snow.
O so cold and dreary
Showers the sleet and rain,
Then we long for summer
Till it comes again.

(Dance and Exeunt.)

Enter BARON.

Baron. I am a baron ! That title I impel
To cover evil deeds, for I'm a scamp as well,
Committing at my will all sorts of daring crimes
Within the present age, as oft in former times.
I secretly pursue my contemplated course
Without regret or shame, compunction or remorse ;
And where suspicion lives, producing wild alarms,
I hoodwink doubting eyes by philanthropic charms.
But underneath it all, I'll truthfully impart,
The sordid seeds of crime are rampant in my heart.
With falsifying tongue and conscience quite decayed,
The most punctilious ears I've oftentimes betrayed.
Yet few there are, forsooth, who do not understand
That I in truth and love am foremost in the land.
But, again, at this very time I'm plotting, I may say,
Against two little babes whom I've resolved to slay.
My brother, now deceased, has left those children fair—
Who are orphans, by the way—to my exclusive care.
And to them he's bequeathed three hundred pounds, you see,
Which when they are dead falls legally to me.
And so you'll understand my keen desire to hatch
A plot, in secret laid, to hasten their despatch.
I shall not do the deed ; my intention's to repair
And seek the blood-stained hands of the villains, Burke and Hare.
They are scoundrels—ay, of felony the root !
But soft ! A female *step*—a relation, too, to *boot*.

Enter LADY TERESA.

Teresa. Well, Baron, I am sure of persons there are few
In all the kingdom now so prominent as you—
With two most charming maids, as both your daughters are,
And your brother's babes as well, who share the family par ;
Not to speak of myself, a benefactress who
Is perhaps the most distinguished lady in the county.

Baron (very decidedly). Perhaps !

Teresa.

"Tis true.

Baron. I like my daughters both, with all my heart I do,
And truly recognise that I must suffer you.
But the babes, the babes !

Teresa. To understand your meaning I'm clearly at a loss,
For they're the sweetest pets I've ever come across.

Baron. Sweet as they are, I'm bound to say
With deep regret I've viewed the day
When that precocious, puerile pair
Were tendered to their uncle's care.

Teresa. It should be your keend desire—your first desire, I say—
To shelter homeless children, orphans such as they,
Who in this wicked world are parentless and alone.

Baron. But my baronial mansion, as you must rightly own,
Is not a children's shelter!

Teresa. To you the duty falls
To guard those homeless babes within your mansion walls,
Recollecting that there is no place like home.

Baron. There is no place like ours; at least, in humanity's
I sincerely hope not. [name,

Teresa. Sir, it is a shame
That you should seek to raise your voice
In such a way. Why not rejoice,
Strike the note of boundless love,
And thwart the game of push and shove,
To let those children see in you
A man and not a parvenu?

Baron. They trouble me. They raise my ire.
They almost set my soul on fire.
But hush!

Teresa. And what complaint have you to raise
Against their simple, childish ways?

Baron. I must object to my silver snuff box, I may say,
Being used as a residence for earwigs.

Teresa. Merely children's play,
They are so fond of animals.

Baron. Apparently so, but surely they can
Befriend a more distinguished clan
Than the earwig family.

Teresa. You're ever prone to vex.
And where would you draw the line?

Baron. Round their little necks.

Teresa. What, sir!

Baron. [Aside.] A false chord!

(To Baroness). That was merely spoofo,
 For I shall shelter both beneath my mansion roof.
 They shall have all they want—I cannot give them more.
 They'll do just as they like within my mansion door.
 Yes, both those children now, I truthfully confess,
 Shall without restriction eat, and drink, and dress,
 Live, die, and be buried when they've departed thence,
 Wholly, solely, and exclusively at my entire expense.
 Are you satisfied?

Teresa. I am glad to see
 At least you understand what an uncle ought to be,
 And recognise that youth must have its fling.

Baron. 'Tis true,
 Youth must have its fling. [*Aside.*] Those babes will get it too.
 [*Exit both, R. and L.*]

Enter MIGNONETTE.

Mig. They ca' me Mignonette, but at present you will see
 I canna think o' onything but a man that coorted me!
 I used tae like him fine, though his income's no worth that!
 But lately, though, he dreams he's become an aristocrat;
 For since his faither died and left him twa or three coos,
 Wi' half an acre o' land and a do'ecote fu' o' doos,
 The man's fair aff his heid, and bounds o' mainners too,
 Thinking his puirish blood has turned a classic blue!
 He talks about dinner pairties, and *swallow-tails*—the flat!—
 Expectin' the likes o' me to *swallow tales* like that;
 Imagines he's genteel in his ain decorum ways,
 When he's had nothing but tatties and herrin' a' his born days.
 Tae be level wi' the times, he sailed the boundless seas
 Awa' tae Afric's shores along wi' the C.I.V.'s;
 And then when he came back, attention he would beg [egg!
 Tae listen how he shelled the Boers! Man, he couldna shell an
 Ay, and if he doesna just come back tae where he used to be,
 He'll never tie the knot wi' a sonsie lass like me.

(*Song and Exit.*)

Enter BURKE.

Burke. Mister Burke, of the renowned firm of Burke and Hare,
 Premises, Bloodthirsty Circus, near Hanganchokem Square!

Of all felonious deeds we are malicious doers—
Vagabonds, scoundrels, and blackguards—even pro-Boers!!
Though we're known as Burke and Hare, yet, all the same,
Burke is really the firm—Hare being merely a name.
Hare only shakes the door-mat, and does such paltry work,
And all documents of importance should be addressed to Mr Burke.
That's me! And everything means money orders, cheques, and
cash, [trash.
Hare only dealing with acknowledgments, claims, and such-like
Yet we're both superior scoundrels of the deepest dye, I'll own,
And concentrate our thoughts on villainy alone—
Concentrated, ay, on crimes of the deepest stamps,
We're straight from Afric's shores, two concentration scamps.

(*Song.*)

Enter BARON.

Baron. Some poor beggar, I can see,
Who seeks a helping hand from me.
I'm sure that hunger's venom'd fangs
Create within you dreadful pangs.

Can I give you some water and a crust?

Burke. No, thank you, I prefer plain food.

Baron. I said crust and water.

Burke. You're very good,
But suffering as I do from chronic indigestion,
Such sumptuous repast is really out of the question.

Baron. A poorhouse stands on yonder hill—

Burke. Don't let me detain you.

Baron. And there they'll take you in.

Burke. I suppose they will,
But as I have no desire to be taken in, but rather to take in,
Good morning.

Baron. Halt! then say am I mistaken?

Burke. You're a stranger, I perceive, to philanthropic deeds.

Baron. My hands I always stretch to aid the pauper's needs.
I offered food and drink, but you would not partake,
That's philanthropic work which no man can mistake.

Burke. A philanthropist's a doer, an admiration winner,
Who gives a deserving man a large and handsome dinner.

For example, you give me a dinner, and then
I shall call you a philanthropist.

Baron. I've no doubt you will when I do—when!

Burke. I'm afraid you're the sort of philanthropist for whom
I've no regard,

Who regales the starving poor with a tract and Christmas card.

Baron. How could I ask a man devoid of pedigree,

A vagrant off the street, indoors to dine with me?

Burke. Sir, I am not a vagrant but a lord.

Baron. A lord!

Burke. As I say,

And do not trample on my imperial dignity, I pray.

Baron. But my dear sir, your mantle only brags
Of a haberdasher or a man of bones and rags.

Burke. Truth to tell,

It doesn't do for us lords to dress ourselves too well.

We might be taken for shop-walkers if we did, and that would
never do, you know.

Baron. Of course not, just so.

Burke. Lord Sykes, nevertheless.

Baron. Then you are no small *fry*.

Burke. No, I'm *C.B.*

Baron. Perhaps you've heard that the country teems
Both far and wide with endless schemes
Against a deep designing pair

Known in the land as Burke and Hare,
Whose deeds are cursed on every shore.

Burke. I think I've heard the names before.

Baron. Well, every town, in wild alarms
And fierce with rage, is up in arms
Against those men who stand defined
A terror to all human kind;
And when they're caught, it seems to me
They'll hang them on the nearest tree.

Burke. Poor fellows, it grieves me sore to think
My old pal Burke now stands on danger's brink.

Baron. What! Do you know him then?

Burke. Yes, we were at school together.

Baron. Then you are friends?

Burke. Aye, my boy, and further,

For Burke and I have been wrapped up in one another
 Since our babyhood. I've fed and clothed him, too.
 Hang Burke and I couldn't live.

Baron. Is that true?

Burke. Perfectly true!

Baron. Secretly, I wish that I could share
 Acquaintance too with Burke and Hare.

Burke. Explain the desire.

Baron. I come from a house, you see, completely out of joint,
 Where scarcely two agree even on a single point.

Burke. Then are you a member of the Opposition Benches?

Baron. That's not what I infer.

Most certainly I am not.

Burke. From the remark I thought you were,
 But proceed.

Baron. I have some work
 Suited for the hands of villains such as Burke.
 First, let us see that the coast is clear
 And free from every hostile ear.

(They walk one to right and one to left, and examine).

Burke. I see no human life within a hundred miles.

Baron. 'Tis good.

Now say, are those two villains secluded in the wood?

Burke. No. Burke, at least, is within easy peashooting
 distance.

Baron. What! Close at hand?

Burke. He is here!

Baron. What, you!

Burke. I!

Baron. Thou!

Burke. Me!

Baron. Burke!

Burke. Yes!

Baron. False!

Burke. True!

Baron. But you said you were a lord.

Burke. List! To cope with all surprises
 I must oft assume such pertinent disguises
 In the shape of bogus names; and 'tis clear

I needs must do so while I am wandering here ;
So pray do not be puzzled when trouble bars the way,
If men of means and genius I secretly portray,
Such as Carnegie or Peter Sinclair the Poet.

Baron. I see, I see, but now do not delay ;
We must be gone for someone comes this way.

[*Exeunt R. and L.*

Enter REDROSE.

Redrose. As I gaze around I can't but say
How sweet the village looks to-day.
The trees, now clothed in foliage green,
Add lustre to the welcomed scene
Of approaching summer, the season which is
Most emblematic of Nature's riches,
Most precious to the sorrowing mind,
Most welcomed by all human kind,—
The time when every heart should be
From sorrow, grief and trouble free.
But, alas, the powers of evil crimes
So common in the olden times
Are close at hand—'tis understood
Within the precincts of the wood
Preparing now some wicked plot
To wreck this sweet angelic spot
Which ne'er before, I dare to say,
Has harboured sin in any way ;
But still I must with gladsome cheer
Scatter the thought of every fear,
And there's only one way I can find
Of keeping fear beyond my mind.

(*Solo Dance.*)

Enter SNOW WHITE, ERIC, and IRINA.

Redrose. The babes ! You surely know the rule !
By nine o'clock each day you ought to be in school
Being taught by nurse.

Eric. I'm tired of A.B.C.
I do hate lessons ; they never will suit me.

Irina. You'll never be a man.

Eric. Neither will you, if it comes to that. _

Snow White. I'd like to know
Why you little babes must ever quarrel so.
Redrose, have you heard the news?

Redrose. Of Burke and Hare? Yes, the truth forbodes
That those two men now haunt the county roads.

Snow White. Last night, I'm told, those villains strode
Down the Broadfield county road
Into the wood, where they would stay
Till some poor victim passed that way.

Redrose. Why does the Law permit a pair of lawless men
To roam about at large in city, field, and fen,
A terror to the land?

Eric. They'd be better far
Locked up in prison cell, behind the iron bar.

BURKE enters at the left side.

Redrose. Hear! hear! my boy.

Snow White. They would, perhaps,
But men of their stamp don't walk into traps.
Canaries must be caught before you cage them.

Irina. That is truth.

Redrose. Come, let us free the ties that bind the charms of
While auntie's away. [youth

Irina. I quite agree.

Snow White. What say you for a picnic beside the Hem-
lock tree?

Burke. The old story: when the cat is at some considerable
distance the mice will engage in a little undue frivolity.

Snow White. How dare you refer to our auntie as a cat?

Eric. And to us as mice?

Snow White. 'Tis rude.

Redrose. More than that,
It is ungentlemanly.

(*BURKE remains rigid.*)

Snow White. But who is this?

Irina. Is it real?

Redrose. Ask it and see.

Eric (going up to him). Are you real?

Burke. Now, little one, don't touch me.

I'm a secret.

Snow White. Put a pin in it and see if it jumps.

Burke. You sewer and gutter children, avaunt without delay.
Begone, little inferior females ! Run away and play
At Ping-Pong.

(They run off the stage).

Enter HARE.

Burke. What ho ! there's Hare.

Hare. Brother, no bluff of mine, I see it every day
Our brilliant career is fading fast away
To an infinitesimal speck, and so remember
We must devise some scheme to raise the dying ember—
Otherwise, old pard, in true belief I swear
Oblivion must enshroud the firm of Burke and Hare.

Burke. Nay, the shadow of forethought leads me to the time
When you and I once more shall stain our hands in crime.
I know a wicked man, a man I've seen before,
Who seeks our bloodstained hands in a plot of deepest gore ;—
And here he comes.

Enter BARON.

Baron. You slay and slaughter ?

Hare. That's our usual habit !

Baron. Courageous men ?

Burke. Burke the heart of a lion ! Hare the courage of a

Baron. But do you never fear that taloned claw [rabbit !
That parades disguised as freedom's law ?

Hare. Not while in our hands this talisman we hold—
Merely a bead, but better far than gold.
It produces hidden voices,—every word is true,—
Which when we're in trouble relate what we should do.
It answers well to all demands,
Yet worthless quite in other hands.

Baron. Marvellous ! But pray proceed
With revelations of this wondrous bead.
Where did you get it ?

Burke. One of our family air holes ; I mean looms.

Hare. And through each generation unceasingly it blooms.

Baron. And only a bead !

Burke. Known to Burke and Hare as the venerable bead.

Baron. In every way I understand
You're the deepest scoundrels in the land.
I'll let you know this very night
Why I have sought felonious might.

Concerted Piece: Air, "The Girls behind the Bar."

Hare. I'm a very 'cute man, quite astute man, bold man,
grave man, brave man I !

Burke. I'm a very fierce man, hard to pierce man, grand
estate man, great man I !

Baron. Though I am a small man, far from tall man, yet a
never wrong man, strong man I !

All. Though we may be old men, still we're bold men, deep
men, fly men, sly men we !

So Burke and Hare will now prepare to do the will and rule
of three.

(Chorus.)

Bravo ! boys for Burke and Hare, very clever chaps are they.
They can probe throughout this globe to every little secret way.
Likewise they blind the whole mankind, such a very 'cute old
pair !

Though they will, the world can't kill Burke and Hare.

Air changes to "It's all U.P. with Rastus."

B. and H. We can shoot and stab, and we can thieve and
We can slay and slaughter, make the country throb, [rob,
Yet we pose in every nation
As two men of rank and station,
And wher'er we go we're always on the job !

(Dance out.)

Enter HARE, R.; NURSE, L.

Nurse. Oh ! it's the man for the pig's meat.

Hare. Viscount Rupert Gogglewinks, sweet maid,
A Utopian monarch.

Nurse. And what might be yer trade ?
A haberdasher, I expect.

Hare. I am no haberdasher, slaberdasher, or other kind of
But a superior man of rank and title. [dasher,

Nurse. I see, a masher.

Hare. I am a man of learning, speaking French and Russian ;
Fluently, too, I talk Chinese, Dutch and Prussian
With many other tongues.

Nurse. This is maist immense.

Hare. I am also learning to talk Greek—

Nurse. Man, ye should learn tae talk sense.

Enter BURKE.

Nurse. What's this that's been let off the chain ?

Burke. And who art thou, my sweetest queen of spring ?

Nurse. I'm little Mignonette, a fulsome little maid.

Unlike the flower, I'm never known to fade.

I nurse two little babes and comb their golden lockses,

Wash their little hands and darn their little sockses ;

I also teaches them grammar, and how to spell, I do,

Their A.B.C. and summies, how two little ones makes two.

Burke. Your grammar is excellent. You must have had,
Or ought to have had, a college education.

Nurse. This is no bad.

Burke. In the world you will live and rising every day—

Nurse. Yes ?

Burke. You'll continue—

Nurse. Yes !

Burke. To light the fires in the usual way.

Nurse. Ye're wrong ! That's no my work ;
But lads and lasses come to search for Hare and Burke.

*Enter IRINA, ERIC, REDROSE, SNOW WHITE, BARON,
and TERESA.*

Snow White. Of village folks a perfect spate
Comes crushing through the wicket gate.

Burke. The old story, there's no rest for the wicked.

Teresa. Three good cheers for Sir Montague.

All. Hurrah ! Hurrah ! Hurrah !

Burke. Hooroo !

What ho ! he comes, the King of the Dandy Fifth.

Teresa. Insolence !

Snow White. Insubordination !

Redrose. Out with him !

Nurse. Shift !

Enter SIR MONTAGUE and LADY MARTIN.

Monte. Thanks, my friends, indeed, for three good hearty cheers

Which greet me just the same as they have done for years.
Each time we gather here with heartfelt joy I view
Friends of my acquaintance, faces old and new,
Boys and girls, with maidens—some advanced in age
Whose youth will soon be stamped on ancient history's page !
But still good feeling reigns amongst you all,
And that I like to see.

All. Hear ! hear !

Monte. And may it never pall.

Lady M. Yet, is it not the case that hearts are ill at ease,
And all the country stands impatiently to seize
The villains Burke and Hare who, it is understood,
Abide within the bounds of Broadfield County Wood ?

Hare. Merely street-corner gossip—

Baron. No doubt repeating
What has been manufactured at a recent mothers' meeting.

Monte. I believe it to be true.

Snow White. Veracious to the letter !

Teresa. And they must be captured !

Redrose. The sooner, too, the better.

Nurse. Keep up yer hairts and dinna vex !

I'll gang mysel' and twist their necks.

Lady M. Imprison them.

Teresa. That's meek. Hanging's far too good
For exasperating men of such an evil brood.

Nurse. There's nothing like hangin' for quick exit,
And blessed is the man that eggs it on.

Monte. To have their heads cut off, all human tongues are
clanging,

But I am a humane man and do not believe in hanging.
'Twould put my tender feelings completely out of joint
If I stretched a human neck, so I'd rather stretch a point
And make them live in a cell, bound hand and foot together,

Their toes to be tickled incessantly with an everlasting feather
For fifteen years.

(Here Burke and Hare commence to squirm).

Hare. What a curse !

Nurse. They might gang feather and fare a guid deal worse.

Monte. Then, in between times they both shall lie, you hear,
In a bed of centipedes, in a stifling atmosphere
Of showering pepper.

(Burke and Hare have violent fits of sneezing).

Burke. Not bad for a humane man who doesn't believe in
hanging. [men,

Lady M. You seem to cherish a liking for those two horrid
While other folk have wished them back in their city den.
Do you enjoy their presence in the country ?

Burke. I do not.
Never did I wish them further from the spot.

(*Song and Chorus.*)

SCENE III.—*Near the Baron's Mansion.*

Enter NURSE, L.; HARE, R.

Hare. The girl ! The girl who has won my heart.
Ah ! soul within me, how can I impart
Sweet words to let that maiden know
How I have longed to be her beau ?
Gaze in mine eyes and call me your own sweet Rupy.

Nurse. Ah ! Rupy, Rupy ! can ye len's half a rupee ?

Hare. Ah ! silvery voice of sweetest tone,
I am prepared my love, my sweet,
To cast my riches at thy feet.

Nurse. They canna be muckle worth.

Hare. I am a man of wealth and brains,
And the bluest blood flows through my veins.

Nurse. That's no so good,
But ye'll be under treatment for't nae doot !

Hare. O'er menial masses superseding,

Blue blood points to brilliant breeding.
 The reversionary escutcheon of the Gogglewink dominion,
 Is an invulnerable heirloom in unprejudiced opinion.

Nurse. None o' yer bad language here.

Hare. That is classic formula.

Nurse. Oh, I see,

It's some o' yon foreign tongues yer playing aff on me !

Hare. Your face and eyes are works of art,
 And gentle is your maiden heart.

With conscience clear as skies above,

You are a girl of perfect love ;

And sweetest charmer pray behold

In me a man of jewels and gold.

Mine is a land where Mammon walks,

And I own a perfect world of stocks.

Nurse.

Truth tae tell,

Talking o' stocks, I've got some stocks mysel' !

Hare. You ! Are they joint stocks ?

[noo.

Nurse. I dinna' ken, but they're gae weel oot o' joint the

Hare.

Pardon,—

In railways, may I ask ?

Nurse. No ; in the back garden.

Hare. I mean are they railway stocks ?

Nurse.

No ; ten week.

Hare. You descend to absurdity.

Nurse.

None o' yer cheek.

A' this talk aboot stocks, I'll bet,

Is a ruse to stalk sweet Mignonette.

Though ye're stocked in stocks, it seems tae me

It's in stocks yer ankles ought to be.

Hare. Do not be angry.

In all the country tell me where

One could find more lovely hair,

More silken, soft, and rich in hue !

Ah ! give me a lock, I prithee do.

Nurse (gives him a door lock). There ye are.

Hare. Do you spurn my love ?

Nurse. For ony kind o' men I dinna gi'e a toss.

Hare. Then have you many lovers ?

Nurse.

Aye, they come aifter me by the gross.

Hare. By the *gross* / I see,
But yet sweet maid do not be *cross* with me.
Let me impart to thee one lonely little kiss.

Nurse. I'm ower young, my man, tae carry on like this.

Hare. Those features truly indicate you're only in your teens,
Though youth can often be preserved by artificial means ;
But yet those blushing rosy cheeks their beauty will retain,
Unless it should be washed away by a nasty shower of rain.

Nurse. Here, that'll do ;

If ye talk tae me like that, I'll mak' short work o' you.

(*Exeunt.*)

Enter TERESA, L.; BURKE, R.

Teresa. The apparition, I declare,
That I saw to-day in the village square.

Burke. Pardon me, pardon me, but have you never heard
of Sir Thomas Lipton of American Cup fame and Gorgonzola
superiority ?

Teresa. 'Tis the cup of sorrow you must sip.
You didn't lift the prize.

Burke. That was merely a slip
'Twixt the cup and Lip'.
Though Shamrock one has lost, 'tis true,
And likewise failed has Shamrock two,
Britons yet shall live to see
The Cup brought home by Shamrock three.

Enter SNOW WHITE, REDROSE, ERIC, and IRINA.

Teresa. Sir Thomas Lipton, my dears, who's just arrived on
A noted yachtsman, of whom you've heard before. [shore,
Come and be introduced, Eric and maidens three.
These are my nieces and nephew ; I am their aunt, you see.
This is Snow White.

Snow White. I acknowledge a man of title.

Burke. You're your mother's daughter ; same old recital.

Teresa. This is little Redrose.

Burke. How d'ye do little red nose ?

Redrose. Not red nose, but Redrose is my name.

Burke. You're your auntie's niece ; same old game.

Teresa. This is Irina.

(Irina bows.)

Teresa. And this is Eric.

Eric. How are you, Tommy?

Burke. He called me Tommy! My pride is smitten.

Teresa. Fie, for shame. When I was a child—

Burke. Cæsar invaded Britain.

Have I seen the whole battalion?

Teresa. You have; and in appearance people say
More like their auntie they're growing every day.

Burke. Poor things, they have my sincerest sympathy; but
never mind, little ones, we all have our afflictions.

Teresa. This is too unkind.

My beauty lacks nothing, sir. It is finished.

Burke. Completely.

Redrose. I can see

You are no gentleman, whoever you may be,

Otherwise you would not insult a lady.

Burke. Don't fret.

It's a way I have with the ladies.

Snow White. I'm sorry we met.

You don't attract me at all.

Eric. A more

Peculiar kind of a swell I've never seen before.

Enter NURSE and HARE.

Teresa. Hullo, nurse, who is this?

Nurse. It's my latest mash, ca'd John.

'Twas Sunday last we met, while lingering at the Tron.

Hare. Madam, I am no ordinary person. List' and I'll
All about myself, my riches and estate. [relate

Concerted Piece: Air, "Salute my Bicycle."

Hare. Now, I'm a most superior swell, a fellow of notoriety,
A man of boundless means as well, and mix in the best society.

Burke. In me you see, as well as he, the blossom of a
family tree,

That in degree, is held to be paramount on land and sea.

B. and H. And so you'll understand
We're the greatest in the land.

The world bows down to such a pedigree,
 And Carnegie soon you'll find,
 In the distance far behind ;

We are the essence of philanthropy.

Nurse. You may be types of notable men, and fellows of
 rank and title, [is vital.

Or you may be wolves disguised as sheep ; to get at the truth

B. and H. It is no blow or artful show for us to crow and
 let you know

Wher'er we go they shout What ho ! we are lordly men, and so :
 You now will understand, etc.

(*Dance out.*)

SCENE IV.—*Fringe of Broadfield Woods.*

(*Fairies assembled.*)

Fairy. Is not the heart of every maid
 Throughout the country sore afraid
 To learn that powers of deepest crime
 Disturb the peace of present time ?
 Are not two babes of tender age
 To suffer by the evil rage
 Of their truculent uncle, who
 Bereft of love and honour too,
 Is about to hire a pair of men,
 From haunts of a dark degraded den,
 To carry off those children fair
 Into the thickest woodland, where
 Aided by their bloodstained knives
 They'll seek to end those spotless lives ?
 But will fairy aid stand idly by
 And leave those tender babes to die ?

All. Never !

1st Fairy. I for one shall do my best
 To set their troubled hearts at rest.

2nd Fairy. My hands will ever do their share
 To help those children in despair.

3rd Fairy. They need not weep or be afraid
While I've a helping hand to aid.

4th Fairy. We'll let those robbers see that right
Shall conquer o'er their wicked might.

Fairy. To-morrow night—as fades away
The dying light of waning day,
When stars alone remain to guide
Through winding paths and meadows wide,
When songbirds' tuneful voices fail
Save the notes of the nightingale,—
Those babes will both be lured to roam
Far from friends, away from home,
Into the forest's darkest den,
The victims of those hated men ;
And blessed will be the power that saves
Two children from such branded knaves ;
So go, and foil the living mask
With Heaven to help you in your task.

Song—Air, “ Will you walk into my Parlour ? ”

To woodland glade our fairy aid
Will gladly fly to-morrow ;
Each elfin hand you understand
Will vanquish sin and sorrow.

A watch we keep o'er hearts that weep,
And cheer up doleful faces,
And conquer crime in every clime
Where'er we find its traces.

Conquer badness, vanquish sadness,
So that love may grow ;
Bright eyes glancing, joys advancing,
Everywhere we go.

(Exeunt.)

Enter LADY MONTAGUE.

Lady M. Those villains still at large ! We surely must
depend
That some disastrous crime will be the unhappy end.
If the babes should be stolen ! But why is not defined,

What makes such curious thoughts invade my troubled mind.
But how can I contrive to chase such thoughts away?
I know what I'll do. I'll sing, I do it every day.

(*Song.*)

Enter BURKE.

Lady M. Who is this? I'm sure
It's a face I've seen somewhere before.
Let me think,—studs, rags, laces, bones?
None of these; but still he owns
The appearance of such a one.

Burke. Pardon me, pardon me, have you never heard of
Mr Smillie of North East Lanark Labour interests?

Lady M. Truly I never thought
Of such a person.

Burke. How could you? Of course not.

Enter REDROSE and SNOW WHITE.

Redrose. Here comes Jamie, the lunatic. See
It seems as usual he's coming after me.
He haunts me here and there, no matter where I glide,
He's such a nuisance, too! Wherever shall I hide?

Snow White. Don't be afraid of him. He's harmless as a
I don't believe he's daft, I'm sure it's all a sham. [lamb.]

Enter JAMIE (appearing at first as if not to see anyone).

Lady M. Well, Jamie, anything fresh?

Jamie. Fresh? No, all forlorn—

Not even the egg that Jamie got this morn
For his breakfast at the Two Whistle's Inn. But see,
Jamie's not so daft as Jamie's thought to be.
You think Jamie lunny, freaky, dotty, mad!
You think him quite insane, but Jamie's not so bad.
Jamie hears, Jamie sees, Jamie thinks, Jamie also sips
The gleam from maiden eye. He loves the rosy lips,
The bright complexions, too,—complexions made in stalks
And kept by each lady fair in a pasteboard box.

Redrose. Jamie, you don't think I paint?

Jamie. Ah, you're trying to draw!
Jamie knows when to open and when to shut his jaw.

Snow White. Do you know, my boy, that everywhere
All eyes now search for Burke and Hare?

Lady M. Do you know their mission round our door,
And have you heard of them before?

Jamie. Jamie knows them well, and secrets could unveil,
But Jamie also knows the price of such a tale.
So Jamie says, says he "Mum's the word."

Redrose. But if he understands
There's just a chance that I might suffer by their hands;
Might be murdered, too, and repose in an early grave,
Would Jamie not put forth his mighty arm to save?

Jamie. He might! He would think! In fact he would,
If he could be the means of propagating good.

Burke. I don't believe they'll linger here
When they understand that the law is near.

Song—Air, "It's not the hen that cackles the most."

Lady M. But why should this picturesque countryside be
Invaded by men of such low pedigree?

Burke. Quake not and fret not and fear not at all,
Allow not, permit not your courage to pall.

Lady M. Though hard we may try to extinguish each fear,
They will not be vanquished but still reappear.

Burke. Keep up your hearts and just try to expel
All troubles that haunt and distract you as well.

All. For a life of strife will cut like a knife
And turn you inside out,
And make you as white as ghosts of night,
There's not the slightest doubt!
So keep up your hearts, and try to be brave,
Joyful and happy and free;
Don't care a jot though vagabonds plot:—
Example take from me.

(*Dance out.*)

Enter SIR MONTAGUE.

Monte. To think this lovely village, which from birth, for-
Has been the sheltered spot of happiness and truth, [sooth,
Which never harboured vice within its narrow clime,

Should be invaded now by an atmosphere of crime,
Cuts me to the heart and makes me wild with rage,
Though I trust no shameful deed will blot her history's page.
Representatives of the Law, when they are wanted most,
Are never to be found when looked for at their post.
With fifty pounds at least I'd start a trusty hand
To capture Burke and Hare, the terrors of the land ;
Yet there can be no detective within the county bounds,
So where is the welcomed hand to take the fifty pounds ?

Enter BURKE.

Burke. Here it is. My card.

Monte (reading card). "Private Detective Catchem." Well
known at Scotland Yard, I presume ?

Burke. Remarkably well known at Scotland Yard. In fact,
you see,

There's not a jail in the country that hasn't heard of me.

Monte. No one would take you for a detective.

Burke. Now, that's good !

Why, of course not, no one ever would.

That's where it is, sir, that's where it is ;

To deceive all eyes is the nature of my biz.

Monte. Concerning you I suppose I may make enquiry
At Broadfield County Jail ?

Burke. Now, I don't think Broadfield occurs in my diary.

Monte. Strange !

Burke. Merely a coincidence, old pard.

Monte. Then perhaps I might enquire for your name at
Scotland Yard ?

Burke. That wouldn't be desirable. No, it would not be
Desirable ; no sir, no sir, because of course, you see
It might promote jealousy amongst the paid staff.

Monte. Very well ;

As you have said.

Burke. No need to tell.

I shall not fail to fulfil your expectations,

And the fifty pounds will aid me on my daring peregrinations.

Monte. Well, I hope you'll bring those villains to their knees.
Now give me assistance to count your preparatory fees.

(They count money, and Burke gets a good deal more than the fifty pounds).

Exit BURKE.

Enter REDROSE, LADY MONTAGUE, TERESA, SNOW WHITE, BARON, ERIC, IRINA, NURSE and HARE, also CHILDREN.

Monte. I have some pleasant news to cheer
All village folks now gathered here.

Teresa. That sounds well.

Baron. What news is this you have to tell
And concerning whom?

Monte. That evil pair
Of whom you've heard.

All. What, Burke and Hare?

Monte. Burke and Hare, the very same.

Teresa. We do not welcome either name.
But what good news can you recite?

Monte. The Law proceeds this very night.
I have this very moment sought the welcomed aid
Of a private detective, who will masquerade
In various disguises, expecting that his work
Will prove to be the means of securing Hare and Burke.

All. Bravo!

Nurse. Describe this great detective, please.

Monte. And that I can with greatest ease.
I'm almost sure you've seen that person once before,
Who has all the appearance of some ancient troubadour.
Dressed in clothes of black, with long peculiar hair,
He isn't too attractive. His beauty's somewhat spare.
In addition, he wears white gloves.

Nurse. Detective! He gave his name to me
As Pattison o' the whisky trade.

Teresa. I'm sure that he
Is the man we met this very day
In the name of Lipton.

Lady M. Permit me to say,
The individual sham who's now described by you
Conversed with me to-day, and also told me too
That he was engaged in work amongst the labour classes,

Within some town or shire, resuscitating the masses.

Redrose. There's something wrong—

Monte.

Requiring our attention.

I fail to understand this fathomless pretention.

But here our subject comes. He must be retained,

And kept a captive here until it's all explained.

Enter BURKE.

Burke. A meeting, I perceive.

Hare.

Concerning you !

Burke. Concerning me ? You wish an interview ?

Nurse. Snatch him ! How is Walter Pattison ?

Teresa (sarcastically). Sir Thomas Lipton ?

Lady M. Mr Smillie ?

Monte. Private Detective Catchem ?

Burke. Thank you, we're all well. [*Aside.*] A rat I scent !

[*Aloud.*] I must leave you, friends. I'm now on business bent.

Monte. You must stay.

Burke. I must go.

Monte. There is no road this way.

Burke. No road, sir ? Permit me,

Stand aside and I shall let you see

You are entirely mistaken.

Monte.

Delay.

Burke. If you won't let me past, I'll go the other way.

(Crosses the stage.)

Nurse. It's no past here ye'll go,

And ye'll no cheat me wi' all yer blow !

Burke. You're very kind to *press* my presence here,

But time is *precious*.

Snow White. So it would appear.

Monte. Did those names not make your blood run cold ?

Burke. Why should they ? An explanation I'll unfold.

I'm really a lord.

All (surprised). A lord !

Burke.

I pardon your invective,

For now I am at work as an amateur detective ;

And a great detective, too, must always needs assume

Various noms des guerres and numerous noms des plumes,

And these are some of my noms des guerres.

Monte. That clears away the mist.

Burke. And it never will be missed.

Baron.

Why did doubt exist?

That explains, you'll all allow,
We can't retain suspicion now.
Instead of having hatched a plot
Against us, as we all had thought,
He's really going to lend a hand
To pacify this troubled land.

Enter JAMIE, in great excitement.

Jamie. I can spot the men you seek !
How mad you are ! How soft and weak !
Jamie's daft, you say, but yet you'll see
Jamie's not so daft as Jamie's thought to be.
Ha ! ha ! You great multitude of inconceivable softheads.

(Exit.)

Snow White. 'Tis plain
That some delusion now preys upon his brain.

Monte. We'd better call him back and let him show the road
That would lead us to the spot of that villainous abode.

Hare. The man's delirious !
Don't call him back, the effect would be most serious.
The man is dangerous, my word upon it.

Nurse. There's at least one little bee paradin' in his bonnet.

Burke. You understand the delinquencies of a man
Who is dotty ?

Baron. Most certainly we can.

Monte. 'Tis true ;
I understand the eccentricities of lunatics.

Baron. Of course you do.

Monte. In fact I have been in a madhouse.

Hare [*Aside.*] Good biz ! This is prime.

Burke. You know I thought you must have been at one time.

Monte. Not as a patient.

Burke. No ?

Sir, I have studied diseases of the brain, and so
Can enlarge on the subject. You didn't observe
The peculiar twitter of the fellow's ocular nerve ?

Monte. I must admit I did not.

Burke. Not having the medical genius, of course you haven't a chance.

It is only we practitioners who observe these things at a glance. Sir, his cerebral tissues are mechanically disorganised.

Nurse. It's a tissue of lies, I'm thinkin'.

Baron. Really I'm surprised
To hear you malign the character of a lord.

Burke. 'Tis truth. You'll find
Some hidden delusion preys on his childish mind,
And at any moment, the worst of this disease is,
He may burst forth in passion and blow you all to pieces.

Lady M. Horrors !

Baron. This seems serious, and our intent
Should be at once to have him safely pent.

Hare. Truth, or we may rue it.

Monte. A lord, detective, practitioner rolled in one !
Such was never known beneath the burning sun.

Burke. It may seem curious at first, but still
You'll get used to it.

Baron. Of course we will.

Burke. My detective work is my foremost occupation,
For I oppose all cruelty, crime and depredation ;
And understand I now prepare
My plan to capture Burke and Hare.

Concerted Piece—Air, "Must You?"

Monte. I must declare it seems a curious case,
Yet of course we will not doubt your word.

Nurse. But still it seems to me, whoever he may be,
His explanation's just a bit absurd.

Hare. But don't you know, and can't you understand,
That's how a great detective frames his plan ?

Baron. I'm sure, 'tis clear, that he is quite sincere,
Quite a fit and proper sort of man.

Burke. Really I'm a great detective,
And will aid you by degrees ;
Leave the job to me, I pray you,
Some day I shall bring them to their knees.

I shall try to mesmerise them ;—
 Do not fret about your lives,
 Just take care of all your children,
 I'll look after all your wives.

Air changes to "Down the Road."

All the world is most unhappy,
 Every maid and chappy, and the fathers old,
 All reflect a living mirror of a reign of terror
 Of an icy cold ;
 Every hand will aid the law
 And bless them if they should
 Hang them ! hang them !
 Hang those villains in the wood.

SCENE V.—*A Road in Broadfield County.*

Enter BURKE, HARE, and BARON.

Baron. Then I understand I have in you
 Two villains of the deepest hue ?

Burke. For myself, I'm a felon, regularly bad you see,
 Who believes in nothing. I am a Sadducee.

Baron. You are.

Burke. And sometimes it makes me so sad you see.

Baron (To Hare). And you ?

Hare. A buccaneer, a filibuster you see.

For evil perpetrations lay your trust in me.

Baron. Then you are two bad, bold, baneful, blustering

Burke. Yes. [buccaneers ?

Baron. And share no fearful, frightful, fretful, frantic, freezing

Burke. No. [fears ?

Baron. Both gruesome, grimy, grinding, grizzly, growling

Burke. Yes. [grovelling grubs ?

Baron. And never snuffed by sneering, snivelling, snarling,

Burke. No. [snappish snubs ?

Baron. Menial, monstrous, murd'rous, mincing, mesmerising

Burke. Yes. [men ?

Baron. And never dread the drivelling dogs who'd devastate

Burke. No. [your den ?

Baron. Are these the only words you have to say?

Burke. Yes.

Baron. Can't you reply in some other way?

Burke. No.

Baron. Is this to continue? Now do have done.

Burke. Yes.

Baron. Sir, are you a fool?

Burke.

No.

Baron.

Then do you think I am one?

Burke. Yes.

Baron. Cease, cease, I pray,

And listen now to what I've got to say.

Hare. Proceed.

Baron. I had a dream, 'twas but two nights ago!
My heart was ill at ease, my brain seemed all aglow.
There in a mansion hall a wicked baron stood
Designing divers schemes in melancholy mood
Against two little babes who, beautiful and fair,
Had been by his dead brother entrusted to his care.
Those children owned a fortune—three hundred pounds—a prize
On which that traitor baron had set his longing eyes.
Then it seemed the little fortune he virtually saw
When those two babes were dead, was his on point of law.
So he made a resolution, the dream revealed it quite,
That kidnapped they must be some dark and dreary night;
So two felonious scoundrels—more villainous than he—
Were hired from secret haunts for the sum of three pounds three
To take the babes away; and swore upon their oath
That for that sum of money they'd end the lives of both.
And so one dismal night when howled the western wind,
And rain came down in torrents, a resting place to find,
And streaks of lightning, forked, in momentary flash
Lit up the clouds above, then followed thunder's crash—

Burke. What a night it must have been!

Baron. Terrific!

Burke. And were you out in all this?

Baron.

It's a dream.

Burke. It's a lie.

Baron.

'Tis truth!

Hare.

So it would seem.

Burke. What do you know about it? You weren't in the dream.

Baron. Well, that night those babes were kidnapped, and soon 'midst many tears

Carried to the forest drear far off from human ears ;
And then each murd'rous villain drew his deadly blade !
While one man seized the boy, the other seized the maid,
And 'midst the cries of anguish short time did they expend—
Both children were destroyed ! The dream was at an end.

And now it seems to me

I am the baron, while Eric and Irina are the babes.

Hare.

I see ;

And we are the men who got the three pounds three ?

Baron. Exactly !

Burke. You do like your work done cheaply.

Permit me to recite our latest bill of slaughter,
Two guineas for a mother, fifty bob for a daughter,
Husbands and wives together three pounds three apiece,
Nephews eighty bob and sixty bob for a niece ;
An uncle and aunt one pound, eighty shillings for a son ;
Infants in arms and kiddies ten pounds ten per ton ;
Mothers-in-law a speciality.

Baron.

Your list alarms ;

But mine come under kids and little ones in arms

And weigh about one hundredweight, which will be ten and six !

Hare. In such cases the minimum is one ton.

Baron. My men you'll not be done.

Kidnap those infants in a trice

And I shall pay the highest price.

Leave it to me.

Hare.

Right.

Off to the woods we take those kids to-night.

Concerted Piece : Air, " Bid me good-bye for ever."

Baron. Poor little things, it grieves my heart to think how they will cry.

Burke. Pray be at rest, remembering that everyone must die.

Hare. And no one need know that you founded the plot.

Burke. But why should you care though they think it or not?

Baron. I guess I know just what to say if they do,

And the babes will be easily carried off too !
For they are quite unsuspecting, little they've guessed their lot,
Little they know the end in store, and they've harboured no
troublesome thought.

B. and H. Soon they'll be dead and buried, soon they'll be free
from pain.

At last, dear old chappy, you'll then be so happy and never be
troubled again.

For we'll trot them off to the woodlands

And perpetrate the crime,

Slaughter them both in a moment,

Wasting no precious time.

We'll then come marching homewards

As speedily as we can,

And we know we'll be paid, for

You are a trusty man.

(Dance out.)

SCENE VI.—*The Outskirts of Honeysuckle.*

Enter NURSE.

Nurse. I dinna think much o' yon viscount, and if I count
right ava

All his high flown tales are of no account at a' ;

And what wi' daft Jamie, and the predominatin' scare

That the place is now infested wi' the schemes o' Burke and

Hare,

I dinna feel quite safe ; and tae tell the truth, indeed,

Wi' the throes o' consternation I'm fair gaun aff my heid.

But if ever yon twa men within my clutches come

My mind's made up to gie them what Paddy gied the drum !

So let them both beware that if men in fear delay

A woman stands prepared to lead them through the fray.

Enter ERIC and IRINA.

Nurse. Have you learned your lessons, my pets ?

Eric. No, lessons are things that one so oft forgets.
I'm tired of sums and grammar every day ;

I like far better to come out here and play,
 Romp and skip and shout and dance and sing,
 And so the saying goes that youth must have its fling.
 Come, let's play at *hide-and-seek*.

Nurse. Such cheek, sir.
 For a *hiding* you won't have far to *seek*, sir,
 If you raise my wrath. Take warning!
 I'll tell your uncle all before to-morrow morning.

Irina. But uncle won't believe you.
Nurse. How so?
 Don't you mislead yoursel'.

Irina. It's two to one you know,
 And if we tell him we found you here to-day
 Wasting your time, what then do you think he'd say?

Eric. We've got you on a string.
Nurse. No fears!
 Cheek me more and I'll box your pretty ears.
 Children are not now what children used to be.
 You should try to appear genteel. Look at me!
 Now toddle.

Irina. We're going this way.
Nurse. You are?
 Perhaps you'll find, my pet, you've gone a bit too far.
 I'm much afraid you'll never be like me.

Eric. True.
 But I'd be much concerned if I thought I'd be like you.
Irina. Well, good-bye.

(*Exeunt ERIC and IRINA.*)

Nurse. Thae bairns, they'll drive me mad, I'm share!
 So help me bob, they're a maist precocious pair.
 I like the place though when the holidays come round
 When through the countryside on pleasure I am bound.

(*Song.*)

Enter BURKE.

Burke. Did I hear you sing, or was it the steam roller at
Nurse. You insult me, sir! [work?
Burke. Ah, how can I console her?
 You really warble magnificently, my queen.

Nurse. Sing, sir, sing.

Burke. Yes, sing. You sing like a kettle—angel, I mean.

Nurse. Did it carry you away, then?

Burke. Nay,

Although I had a keen desire to be carried away,
For the moment.

Nurse [*Aside*]. He loves me, I'm sure.

Here, what d'ye think o' Minnie, this timid little flooer?

Burke. Face magnificent, and I'm positively bound

To say that hair like yours is only to be found—

Nurse. Yes, where?

Burke. In the cushions of third class railway carriages.

Nurse. For all yer talk, I'll vow

It's a lock ye'd like.

Burke. No, I am not collecting tow.

Nurse. Tow, sir!

Fairer hair ne'er grew on a maiden's pow, sir.

Enter LADY MONTAGUE, SIR MONTAGUE, TERESA, REDROSE,

SNOW WHITE, ERIC, HARE, IRINA, also Villagers.

Monte. Well, detective, what of Burke and Hare?

Burke. I may mention

A few suspicious footprints are engaging my attention,

And from information I presently possess

They'll be within my power—

Monte. When?

Burke. In three weeks or less.

Hare. The latest news that's now to hand

States they have joined a Sunday club.

Lady M. That seems curious.

Burke. Nay, understand

That's the very place for men of such a stamp.

Monte. Then your scheme progresses?

Burke. Brightly burns the lamp.

Snow White. If those men are nigh, why courage lack

In leading on your first attack?

Redrose. Have they been seen in recent time

Or known to be engaged in wicked crime?

Monte. I truly fear their bloody knife

In deeds of crime is ever rife.

Burke. You all seem much distressed, but I fancy I can find
A temporary relief to soothe each troubled mind.

Song and Chorus—"Ping-Pong."

CURTAIN.

SCENE VII.—*The Baron's Mansion.*

Enter BARON.

Baron. The hour's at hand ! I'm ill at ease,
And long to feel the favouring breeze
Which I expect to follow when
The babes depart with yon two men.
Yet, once those little lives are dead,
Will joy supremely reign instead ?
Or will an endless age of strife
Entangle hopes of future life ?
Will all be well, or can I trace
Perdition on my haggard face,—
A man, now old, but older still,
The victim of my venom'd will ?
But why should I endorse such thought
To stigmatise my future lot,
To cast my now uneasy brain
Into the throes of endless pain ?
Yes, I must thwart such sterile fears
And quell them by relentless sneers.
I've vowed that those two babes must die,
And all repugnance now defy !

Enter NURSE.

Nurse. Ye'll excuse me interruptin' yer recitation.

Baron. Good gracious ! Does she understand
The plot that I have now on hand ?
Why come you here ?

Nurse. Tae let ye know
That a couple o' gents called here an hour ago.
Baron. Their names?
Nurse. Viscount Gogglewinks and Lord Sykes.
Baron. When did they call?
Nurse. About half past sykes!
Baron. Did they come on business?
Nurse. No, on bikes.
Baron. What did they want?
Nurse. "Can we see the Baron?" says Sykes, after ringing the bell.
"See the Baron?" says I, "ye should ken that best yersel'."
"When will he be at liberty?" says he, leanin' again the rail.
"Be at liberty?" says I, "do you think the man's in jail?"
Baron. I really hope you behaved in a manner chaste?
Nurse. To be share!
Chaste indeed! I *chased* them doon the stair.
Baron. You stupid dunce!
Come down with me and fetch them up at once.

(*Exeunt.*)

Enter BURKE.

(*Song.*)

(*After which enter TERESA.*)

Teresa. Between ourselves, I think you quite a nice man.
Burke. Thanks, my nimble elf;
But there you're not alone, I've thought the same myself.
Teresa. One doesn't care to tell of love too suddenly.
Burke. Perhaps not,
But tell me! There's no one near the spot
And I am a bachelor.
Teresa. You didn't know me as a child?
Burke. No, I wasn't in the ark.
Teresa. Do you play golf?
Burke. Ah! That's the game where you go into a neighbouring park about nine o'clock in the morning, place a little white ball on what is commonly called a tee; then producing a club you hit the ball for all you're worth, pro-

ceeding then to look for it till after dark. No, I am not an enthusiast.

Teresa. Your description does surprise !

But to be brief, do you think you will ever be able to love me ?

Burke. A man never knows what he can do till he tries.

In the first place, what is your age ?

Teresa. I was thirty in the middle of last—

Burke. Century ?

Teresa. Week, sir, week !

Burke. Pray calm your rage. Pardon me.

Teresa. Certainly.

Burke. But what is the exact truth, please ?

Teresa. My tongue, sir, never lies.

Burke. No, it's just like the leaf in the breeze.

Teresa. I always tell the truth with honour's flag unfurled,
And ever wish to know how to rise above the world.

Burke. Well, if you'd do it slowly a balloon, but if you'd do
A little dynamite would perpetrate the trick. [it quick

Teresa. I mean, how can I be better than other people ?

Burke. You should

In the first place try to be as good.

But permit me, there's a mark on your face—

Teresa. That's a beauty spot.

Burke. I thought your beauty was spotless, but observe it

Teresa. Oft I've wished to know, but still I wait [is not.

To hear of your career and magnificent estate.

Burke. Do I not come from a palace where everything
abounds ?

Where everywhere are riches, with large extensive grounds ;

Where turrets are so lofty, so near the heavenly stars,

As to be within hailing distance of Saturn and Mars ;

Where we play billiards with golden ball and cue ;

Where geese lay golden eggs, with golden eagles too ;

Pathways paved with gold, each flower a golden star ;

Where we don't smoke cigars—

Teresa. Then what do you smoke ?

Burke. Golden bar.

Teresa. That tempts my ears, and now it seems

'Tis your sweet face I've seen in dreams.

Burke. Have you ever been loved hitherto ?

Teresa. Aye, my lord, and more
For even have I stood on matrimony's shore,
Loving a man with all that simple truth
That lives in the heart of a simple maiden's youth.
He asked my hand that I should be his wife,
A help and comfort throughout remaining life.
My finger wore the ring, the trousseau bought as well,
And all the village thought I'd hear my marriage bell;
But alas! Too true! I was called to understand
That death had intervened with his all-powerful hand
To blight my hopes. It seemed a dreadful crime.

Burke. What happened?

Teresa. He was drowned.

Burke. Just in the nick of time.

(*Teresa sobs.*)

Burke. "Oh! dry those tears," come dry them up.
Permit me. (Produces a handkerchief rather old in appearance.)

(*Teresa faints.*)

Burke. Help! Assistance!

Enter BARON, followed by HARE.

Baron. Did you call?

Burke. Yes.

Baron. What's happened?

Burke. A slight landslip, that's all.

Hare. I see her royal highness has fainted.

Baron. But her cheeks do not look pale.

Burke. How can they? They're painted.

(*Immediate revival of Teresa.*)

Teresa. Sir, my opinion changes. Let me explain
You have seen me once, but never again.

(*Exit TERESA.*)

Baron. You really must be careful, or otherwise, I say,
You'll end our little plot and throw the game away.

Hare. Can she suspect, has she a thought
That crime's at hand? I fancy not.

Baron. No, she cannot ; but let me see,
If she should guess, what hope for me ?

Hare. To me it brings the old days back
To think I'm now on infant track,
This very night, as oft before,
To wallow deep in deeds of gore.

Baron (To *Burke*). What's in the bag ?

Burke. A few emblems of recent business transactions. See
that—

The backbone of a rabbit. Here the tail of a Manx cat.

Baron. The fellow's mad !

Manx cats don't have tales.

Burke. This one had.

Baron. How do you know it was Manx ?

Burke.

How absurd

To contradict me thus when I had the cat's own word.

Baron. I am afraid your feline knowledge is poor.

Hare.

Rats !

Burke. I think I should have a most profound knowledge
of cats

Seeing my father was the sole proprietor of an extensive sausage
factory.

Baron. I've ever understood from you

It was only human folks you slew.

Burke. We're not particular, but kill what'er we can.

Hare. Slaughter anything, from a maggot to a man.

Baron. I understand ; but now I boil

With keen desire to grab the spoil,

To make my own I must confess

The fortune which those babes possess.

My brother now deceased, you see,

Has left those little babes to me.

They were his son and daughter who

Adored their dad. He loved them too,

I recollect, ah ! how they cried

That day their loving father died.

Yet, nevertheless, determined quite

Am I that they shall die this night.

Then, my men, you vow to slay

Those babes ere ends another day ?

Hare. We do.

Burke. I shall slaughter the daughter.

Hare. I shall slay the son.

Baron. And now our plot proceeds.

Hare. The game's begun.

Baron. 'Tis now you swear to do your best

To put my troubled mind at rest.

You swear?

Burke. This is one of our chief occupations.

Hare. In that way I refute it.

Are there any further orders you now wish executed?

Quantity lowers the price.

Baron. Not now I think,

But at some future time we may form a further link.

Hare. Have you got a mother-in-law whose tongue is ever
And bores your ears with tales of her unspotted life, [rife

Who nurtures your affections, and, in a friendly way,

Remains throughout the week when invited for the day?

If so lose no time in placing the little affair

Into the reliable hands of the firm of Burke and Hare.

They'll lure her from your presence with unequalled ease

And expedite her removal to the land of the used to be's.

Baron. No such obnoxious person hovers in my mansion.

Burke. No further business?

Hare. No hope for crime's expansion.

Well, now, call in the kids.

Baron. But let me see,

What shall we say to them?

Burke. Leave that to me.

I've hatched a plot.

Baron (calling off). Nurse!

Enter NURSE.

Nurse. Did ye call?

Baron. Yes. Where are Eric and Irina?

Nurse. Up the stairs they've been for hours,

In the garret chamber playin' at Boers.

For what d'ye want them?

Baron. I wish to introduce

Them to those gentlemen.

Nurse. Some paltry, lame excuse.
Gentlemen ye call them?

Baron. Yes, and men of rank.

Nurse. Some o' yer Cowgate fraternity.

Baron. Nurse, I shall thank
You to mend your manners; and I pray
That you'll fetch the babes to me. Now go without delay.

Nurse [*Aside*]. There's something within me arouses suspicion.

Exit NURSE.

Baron. Fast our plan is nearing completion.

Hare. All inward thoughts we must disguise
With vulpine words and cunning eyes.

Baron. Ah! here they come.

Enter ERIC, IRINA, and NURSE.

Burke. We two gentlemen, with your uncle's kind permission,
Have agreed to take you dears to the Glasgow Exhibition.

Eric. That's all over now.

Burke. I forgot. Yet never mind; you'll see,
If not the Exhibition, the place where it used to be.

Nurse. There's something no exactly straight
Attachin' tae this handsome bait.

Irina. Are we to go alone with you,
Or say is uncle going too?

Eric. I don't wish to go, I'm sure.

Baron. You may depend
A highly frivolous time you'll spend,
See all the sights that can be seen,
With lots of good things in between
Nowhere excelled; but as for me
Business keeps me at home you see.

Irina. I don't mind at all, but say
How long do you think we'll be away?

Eric. I won't go.

B. and H. Won't go?

Nurse. Right, my bonnie dear,
For something maist uncanny taints the atmosphere.

Baron. As you choose,
But think of what you'll miss if stubbornly you refuse.

Eric. Very well, I'll change my mind.

Baron. That's right. Have no fear.
You'll soon come back to your home and uncle dear.

Concerted Piece—Air, "The Good Old Annual."

Baron. I would like very much to join the party
And to roam around the countryside with you,
But you'll be better far just parading as you are
In the sociable numbers two and two.

Nurse. There is something rather loose
In this bandy-legged excuse
For the taking of those little ones away.

Eric. And then, why, I'd like to know
Can't our dear old uncle go?

Baron. I've explained to you the reason I must stay.

Burke. But two's the best of three, and twice two's four you
And so we'll leave your uncle dear behind, [see,
For of course were we to take him, then an odd one that would
make him,
And besides he doesn't feel at all inclined.

Air changes to "Four Englishmen in Patee."

B. and H. Quite a hoity-toity, rollicking time for you and
All so gay and frivolous, happy as can be; [me,
Lots of keen enjoyment, that's the best employment,
And so off we go in best of glee.

Air changes to "One of the Family."

All. Hey la hoop la hey, we'll have a terrible time you know,
Hey la hoop la hey, as o'er this spherical globe we go.
This joyful time, you bet, you never will forget!
Hey hoppity, hey hurrah! merrily off we go.

(Dance out.)

SCENE VIII.—*Another Part of Broadfield.**Enter* SNOW WHITE.

Snow White. What shall I do? What can it mean?
The babes are nowhere to be seen.
But an hour ago I saw them here!
My aching heart is wild with fear!
Have they been stolen? Perhaps. Yet, stay!
Perchance they've wandered during play
And lost their road. If that be so
Then why should I let troubles grow?
They'll soon come back, for, truth to tell,
They've always known the country well,
And thus of course they're sure to gain
Some path to lead them home again.
But still the moments quickly fly,
And evening shades o'ercast the sky,
And I quake to think how they might fare
If caught by the villains Burke and Hare.

Enter REDROSE.

Redrose. You seem distressed,—
Something's wrong, I'm sure.

Snow White. You've rightly guessed.
The babes are missing!

Redrose. Is that really so?
I saw them both but an hour ago.

Snow White. And so did I, but must allow
I know not where they've wandered now.

Enter TERESA, LADY MONTAGUE, SIR MONTAGUE, R.; JAMIE, L.

Teresa. Jamie, you're not going to kiss me?

Jamie.

Kiss thee?

Nay, Jamie's not so daft as Jamie's thought to be.

List, are you unlike other women?

Teresa.

I do not understand.

Jamie. I mean, can you keep a secret?

Teresa. Yes, firmly in my hand.

Redrose. A nice story, I hope?

Jamie. Nay, something that will sicken, something that will tend

To make each hair of your head stand straight upon its end!

Teresa. What can it be? Let me hear I pray

The story, boy, and all you've got to say.

Jamie. The babes I fear are—

Redrose. What?

Snow White.

In danger?

Lady M. Surely not.

Jamie. It is the truth, I can't but dread;

In fact they're now as good as dead.

Teresa. Speak out, my boy. What does it mean?

Say, can no power yet intervene?

Jamie. The two men whom you thought to be

Superior swells of high degree,

Are yet none other I declare

Than the spurious villains Burke and Hare,

And I saw the babes go down the road

With the villains to some dark abode.

Teresa. What's to be done?

Sir M. Then say,

How did they lure the little ones away?

Jamie. Stole them, methinks.

Enter BARON, R.; NURSE, L.

Snow White. The babes have been stolen.

Jamie. Are you aware

That Gogglewinks and Sykes are Burke and Hare?

Baron. What? Then it's all up, for those two men, you see, Veiled in the pretence of friendship, permission gained from me To take the babes on a pleasure excursion!

Nurse. I'm sure that you

Understood forsooth that they were scoundrels too.

Baron. Do you think that I'd be guilty of such a crime?

Nurse. I dinna ken,

But I aye had my suspesion o' yon two queer-like men.

Baron. It cuts my heart to the quick. (Pretends to faint).

Nurse. A faint! Send for Dr ——

Baron. Keep up your hearts, I'm sure there's nothing wrong;
The babes are safe, and will return ere long.
I'm convinced those gentlemen are not Burke and Hare.

Jamie. I'm convinced they are.

Lady M. But say,
Why did you not reveal before the present day?

Jamie. I was afraid of my own neck.

Teresa. Reason for concern I really fail to see.
Perhaps those men are what they've always held to be,
And you, my boy, mistaken.

Jamie. I'm sure I'm not, but think I can
To bring the truth to light originate a plan—
Disguise myself as an ogre, or some unearthly sprite,
And follow on their track.

Teresa. When?

Jamie. This very night.
Something is required with a hideous face!

Nurse. Without disguise ye're the man for the place.

Concerted Piece—Air, "She is my Girlie."

Jamie. I shall pursue those men.

All. Good luck to you.

Jamie. And track them to their den.

All. Good luck to you.

Jamie. I long to have them hung,—

All. And so do we.

Jamie. To hear their death-knell rung!

All. And we all agree.

Jamie. Soon in the county jail those two men will be,
For my scheme it will not fail, as you all shall see.

Nurse. We thought you looney, yes, quite insane;
We thought that madness had touched your brain,
Of intellect you had not a grain,
But why we thought so I can't explain.

Snow White. But if their capture you can maintain,
Those men defeated, you then will gain
The world's devotion, I have a notion,
And a nation's love for you.

Air changes to "We Sang a Song."

Jamie. And I shall go, their villainy I defy !
 'Tis my intent those banditti should die.
 I've a plan, and verily you will see
 That Jamie, though mad, is not so bad
 As Jamie was thought to be.

(Dance out.)

SCENE IX.—*In Broadfield Woods.*

Enter BURKE and HARE with BABES.

Burke. Mr Burke in business attire ! This I now descry
 Is the arena where *Irina* and Eric have to die.

Hare. Now's the day and now's the hour,
 And who shall thwart determined power ?

Burke. I feel in the killing vein.

Hare. Now for blood, now for infant gore
 To recall to mind the happy days of yore.
 My blade is sharp, my temper too
 Says "Hare, now see this business through."

Burke. Mes petites enfanta, you understand
 You now must quit this wicked land
 And die. *(Seizes Irina.)*

Eric. Hurt my sister and I shall kill you !

Hare. You will not dare.

Eric.

I shall.

Burke.

Oh, will you ?

(Eric seizes knife which Burke has dropped and rushes at him.)

Burke. Help ! Assistance ! I was only in fun.
 Touch me not, the widow's only son.

Hare. Burke ! Shall I give them a bit of my mind ?

Burke. No, don't do that ; you know you require it all.

Hare.

My plan's defined.

Die they must. Come on !

Enter JAMIE (in disguise).

Hare. Oh ! Burke !

Burke. Oh ! Hare !

Jamie. Vash ina vontum, keesh ool a tun
Lash ooh valdum, took ana run !
Vildum, valsus, fick ira tomb,
Sin fol a lol lol endily la doom !
I am Dante straight from Inferno regions !
More powerful am I than many thousand legions !
Kill those babes and both you men will go
To a place that waits you now a thousand miles below.

(Repeat Vash ina vontum, etc.)

(Exit JAMIE.)

Burke. Strange !

Hare. Queer !

Irina. What shall we do ? I'd like to cry,
But yet I can't, I know not why.

Eric. Oh ! great and intelligent robbers, think and see
If you cannot spare the life of a little child like me.

Burke. I can't kill them. No, I won't.

Hare. Why not be merry man ?

Burke. I'm too sour.

Hare. Come, do the deed ; the babes are in our power.
We're not going to commit a crime, and why ?
It is Nature's Law that every one should die,
And we have simply been told off to see
That the law is enacted here.

Burke. I can't agree.
The children shall not die.

Hare. You break your vow
And make face to be a traitor now ?

Burke. I do.

Hare. As you say so let it be.
Your weapon choose, for one must dee.

Exit BURKE, and re-enter with a scythe.

Hare. Why this tremendous tool ?
You're not going to cut down a whole field of grass, you fool.

Burke. No, just one weed.

Irina. They're going to fight.

Hare. Now, my brother, you best had say good-night.
You refuse to kill the kids, and I descry
Before the fight is done you are the man to die.
Say good-bye to the world, say good-bye to all,
Bid the stars adieu—in a moment you shall fall.
My blade shall do the work, shall play the final part,
Of piercing through your hide home to your wicked heart.
No more your tongue will tell the falsest tale,
No more the human eye will weep, the nations wail,
No more will cats and kittens tremble at your sight,
No more will people fear to walk the lands at night!
No more! No more, my boy, will you do your evil work,
No more will your mother dear embrace her baby Burke.

Burke. Say no more.

(They fight, Burke kills Hare.)

Burke. Killed my brother! So let it be!
But I must go, secure the L.S.D.
Now babes, remember 'twas I, 'twas I
Who saved your lives, who would not let you die.
In three weeks I return, and bring you light and hope,
In the shape of a tallow candle and a bar of Sunlight Soap.

(Exit BURKE.)

Hare. Ha! ha! Burke is gone. His game I see,
To reach the Baron first, and lift the L.S.D.

(Exit Hare.)

Irina. Dearest brother, can you recall the hours
That oft we spent at home amongst the pretty flowers,
Where all was happiness, peace and joy and love,
That seemed to tell of the glorious heavens above?
That was the time when never a single thought
Of trouble, grief, or hatred marred our happy lot.

Eric. Did our mother ever think that one day you and I
Would be left in a wood to weep, and yet perchance to die
Away from helping hands, away from friendly aid,
Hidden from friendly eyes within a forest glade?

Irina. I know that all must grieve, the young and old as
Yet, how I long to hear all trouble's dying knell! [well;

How I long to see within this sullen place
Some friend we used to love, or even a stranger's face.

Eric. But keep up your heart, have courage yet,
You'll soon rejoice, though now you fret.
The village folk, who're all so good,
Are sure to search throughout the wood
From end to end, I have no fear,
And rest not till they find us here.

Enter FAIRY.

Irina. Who is this?

Eric. An angel from above
To bring to us sweet messages of love.

Fairy. Sleep, dearest babes, and slumber on
Till twilight marks the early dawn
Which, struggling forth, will wend its way
Into the realms of brightest day,
When you with grief exhausted quite
By peaceful rest of bygone night
Will rise refreshed, and find a road
To guide you from this dark abode.
Right through the woods a light will gleam
Which, by its welcomed silvery stream,
Will show the path that you must take,
That skirts the banks of yonder lake
Meandering through the richest scene,
O'er field and fen and pastures green,
To lead you homewards from this bower
Away from haunts of evil power.
Now rest in peace each weary eye,
And sleep beneath the starry sky,
Sheltered from the evening breeze
By the branches of those lofty trees.
Let fear be gone, and rest awhile
Your hearts now sore with many a trial.
Then fairies all, 'tis time for you
To show what fairy power can do.
Send hither to this woodland glade
The robins with their friendly aid

To gather up the fallen leaves
And cover now each form that grieves.

(*Exit FAIRY.*)

(Robins enter and cover babes with leaves.)

SCENE X.—*Road from the Woods.*

Enter BURKE.

Burke. The Baron was to meet me here to pay the price of
But he cometh not. 'Tis hours beyond the time. [crime,
Has he fled the spot as all such villains do,
To repeat the same old story, same old nothing new ?

Song—"Nothing New !"

I met a friend the other day, a friend I used to know,
Dressed in same old greasy clothes he wore ten years ago,
Asked him how he prospered, and, with same old tearful eye,
He blurted forth as many could this same old sad reply.

Same old office, same old spot,
Same old inkpots, scratch and blot ;
No promotion, same old screw,
Ten bob weekly. Nothing new !

Portobello, lovely spot, when summer comes around,
When youth and beauty from the west in every place abound ;
Same old women, same old men, of every sort and kind,
And if you wander by the sea, you never fail to find

Same old trippers on the shore,
Same old perfume back once more,
Same bad language, same old crew,
Same old story. Nothing new !

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, they all seem so slow,
Thursday, Friday, Saturday, for ever come and go ;
Then when Sunday comes again, off to church you trot,
You there will find as usual whene'er you reach the spot,

Same old beadle at the door,
Same old organ grinds once more,
Same old parson, same old pew,
Same old sermon. Nothing new !

I go to dances sometimes just to meet the same old crew,
Greet the same old maidens with the same old how d'ye do,
" May I have the pleasure ? " you will ask in same old strain,
And when the music starts, you hear the same old tunes again.

Same old waltzes, same old score,
Floradora Lancers played once more,
Same old supper, clock strikes two,
Same old toddle. Nothing new !

As I look around I see old faces just the same.
There sits Mrs You-know-who with little Miss What's-her-
And yonder in the gallery, it nearly forces tears, [name.
For there sits sweetheart Katherine, whom I haven't seen for
years.

Same old Kathie, same old face,
Same old necklace, beads and lace,
Same old tresses, golden hue,
Bought at Passes. Nothing new !

Go to Portobello town and there you have to view,
Still the same old tramways, with the same old horses, too ;
Town Hall just the same of course, and in the Council now,
Though Kellock's been removed, yet still we have, you'll all
allow,

Same old Balfour back once more,
Same Carmichael as before ;
Grieve, the Bailie, he's there too,
Exit Douglas. Nothing new !

Where are Old Age Pensions, Joseph, tell me, tell me where ?
Are they where they ought to be ? Not there, my child, not
there !

Geese do not lay golden eggs, though some geese think they do,
Yet Joseph knows the way to work, and how to struggle through.

Same old Joey, same old style,
Same old eyeglass, same old tile,
Same old promise, war just through,
Same old story. Nothing new !

(*Exit.*)

Enter BARON.

Baron. The deed has now been carried out,
The babes are dead. What scope for doubt ?
A wicked man, yes scoundrel, I
Stained with a crime of deepest dye.
Rife recollections of this plot
Will cast a life eternal blot
Upon my spirit, soul and heart,
And thwart my scheme to play the part
Of a man who lives a valiant life
That's free from evil, sin and strife.
Now every star that studs the sky
Would seem to pierce like wrathful eye,
To overpower the flickering flame
Of waning joy with boundless shame ;
And gathering round, each ghoul and sprite
Will madly prance in wild delight,
Revealing glimpses of the dead
Where'er I lay my palsied head.
I see it all, for visions cloy
Each way that leads to hope and joy.
By terror vanquished, here I stand
The deepest scoundrel in the land.
Ah ! where shall I lay my head to-night ?

Enter BURKE.

Burke. Probably on the block.

Baron. Who are you ? What do you want ?

Burke. I prepare you for the shock.

Baron (coming to his senses). Well, I'll be hanged.

Burke. Undoubtedly you will.

Baron. What seek ye here ?

Burke. Settlement of my bill.

Baron. I know you not.

Burke. You won't be misled.
I'm Mister Burke. Your babes are dead.
Cash please.

Baron. Ah! I know you now. Burke I see!
Here's the money. Fast I bid you flee.

Burke. Thanks. Bon soir.

(*Exit BURKE.*)

Baron. Were this the end my heart might rest.

Enter HARE.

Hare. My account! My fee!

Baron. Well, now I'm blessed.
I have just paid the other man.

Hare. Upon my oath you must pay me; 'twas I who slew
them both.

Baron. Be gone from here.

Hare. I must complain.

Baron. Begone, I say. I shall not pay again.

Hare. Then I must go and follow Burke, I see,
Share in the golden booty, the receipts, the L.S.D.

(*Exit HARE.*)

Baron. Ah! how can I relieve distress?
What shall I do? Can I confess
And let the country know 'twas I
Who vowed those pretty babes should die?
I can't do it. No favouring breezes blow!
Come now what may, I'll have to face the foe.

(*Exit.*)

SCENE XI.—*Sir Montague Martin's Mansion.*

SIR MONTAGUE, LADY MONTAGUE, LADY TERESA, REDROSE,
SNOW WHITE, NURSE, CHILDREN, &c., assembled.

Monte. Well, has anyone got news to tell regarding the
Lady M. I understand [babes?
That not a word has come to hand.

Our old friend Jamie, brave and true,
They say has gone amissing too.

Monte. If those men are really Burke and Hare,
Of the children we may well despair ;
But yet I cannot recognise
How men could tell so many lies.

Nurse. Aye, fancy yon medical practitioners, detectives,
viscounts,
Lords ! A couple o' bare-faced villains, I'm thinkin'.

Enter BARON, BURKE, and HARE.

Teresa. Here they come ; with the Baron, too !

Nurse. Burke and Hare it's the end o' you.

Monte. You are Burke and Hare ?

Hare. I am not Burke.

Burke. I am not Hare.

Nurse. 'Tis false !

Hare. 'Tis truth.

Lady M. Can you swear ?

Burke. Like a trooper when I begin.

Redrose. Then where are the babes ?

Baron. 'Tis sin

To doubt these gents.

Hare. I'll explain. 'Twas just this morn at dawn
They wandered from us. I know not where they've gone.

Burke. I'm told they drowned themselves.

Teresa. What !

Were they driven to it ?

Burke. They were not.

They walked.

Nurse. I'm fair broken-hearted ;
I had such a nice dinner for them afore they departed.

Burke. Listen and I'll explain :—

Last seen from off the shore in an old ramshackle boat
Which, launched upon the ocean, had quite refused to float,
And as neither one could swim, it must seem clear to you,
That they'd be somewhat fogged as to what they ought to do ;
And there I see them gasping, unable to resist,
Thinking of home sweet home and the dinner they had missed ;
Clasped in each other's arms, with appalling stifling cry,

Struggling, squirming, squalling, yet quite resigned to die ;
Spluttering, sprawling, spluttering, in vain to reach the shore,
Clinging to a broken oar until the end was o'er.

Enter JAMIE.

Jamie. Ah ! ha ! my friends, you have been hoodwinked.
For see

Into the dreary woods they both were traced by me.
They are Burke and Hare !!!

B. and H. We are not.

Burke. Burke I vow
Is a blacksmith in London city now.

Monte. His address ?

Burke. I possess
Full particulars of his private address.

Lady M. What is it ?

Burke. Ann Ville, Hammersmith.

Hare. And Hare has gone grasshopper shooting on the Icy
Jamie. Falsehood ! [Mountains.

Did I not see you in the wood ?
Did I not hear you quarrel there
And name each other Burke and Hare ?

Hare. You ?

Jamie. Yes, Dante !!

Burke. It's all up a gum tree.

Redrose. Your scheme has failed. You may depend
Right always conquers in the end.

Monte. You men are now condemned to die.
The fateful hour is drawing nigh !
You're doomed at last, and you'll allow
No power on earth can save you now,
Unless well-founded proof you give
To show that those two children live.

Teresa. 'Tis vain to put you on your oath,
So you must needs produce them both.
That is the proof that we'll accept ;
All tortile tales are quite inept.

Snow White. The game you shall no longer play,
But die ere ends another day.

Burke (Sings). " O break the news to mother,

And tell her not to bother,
Tell her that I'm not coming home."

Redrose. Trouble ended, light and free,
The very birds will sing with glee.
Every heart will soon rejoice
When you reap the harvest of your choice.

Hare. Don't give us what we deserve ; be lenient instead.

Burke. Remembering our whisky friends who used to forge

Monte. Your knell will ring within the tower, [ahead.
But you may choose the place and hour.
When would you like to die ?

Burke. To-morrow after tea,
About half-past six.

Hare. Seven o'clock for me.

Monte. And where would you like to die ?

Hare. In a dye work.

Monte. At half-past six to-morrow eve
Your death-knell rings, this earth you leave.

Enter FAIRY and BABES.

All. Good gracious, the babes !!!

Fairy. Yes, safe at last,
The hour of grief and woe is past.
I found those little babes so good
Left by those robbers in the wood.
If the men repent, and you're all agreed,
I'll ask that they should both be freed.
Teresa. Since the babes have both been spared,
To let them off I'm quite prepared.
Are you all agreed ?

All (except Nurse). Yes.

Nurse. But what about the many crimes
That they've performed in bygone times ?

Hare. If you'll but let us off, I say
We'll change our lives this very day.

Burke. Then we are not to die ?

Fairy. We all agree
That just for once we'll let you free.

Burke (Sings). "O break the news to mother,

And tell her how I love her,
Tell her I *am* coming home."

Baron. Let me admit 'twas really I
Who vowed those little babes should die.
The robbers' aid I sought, you see,
To do the deed in place of me ;
But I repent my wicked ways
And foolish crimes of bygone days.

Concerted Piece—Air, " Couldn't make the old Girl hear."

Burke. I feel as free and happy as a bee,
Quite as merry as a bird !
Full of glee am I you see,
I am upon my word.

Hare. I thought that I should have to die,
But no, nothing of the kind,
For I understand throughout this land
Everybody's changed their mind.

Fairy. How pleased we are in truth to find
That days of crime are left behind.
No longer hearts will quake with fear,
For all are joined in honest cheer.
Foes are friends, and vanquished strife
Makes way for love's eternal life.
The Baron, though he linked his name
With callous crime of deepest shame,
Repents—and vows that he will swell
The notes of joy and love as well.
He now gives up his bygone rôle
And welcomes truth within his soul.
The robbers, too, have changed their ways,
And look with grief on former days.
The babes are safe, and all are friends ;
We say good-night—the story ends.

" God Save the King."

CURTAIN.



SONG.

Air, "When we're dead and gone."

The last song sung by Mr DURHAM in the Operetta House,
Edinburgh.

Funny things this world will see,

When ?

When we're dead and gone.

Salveson will be M.P.,

When ?

When we're dead and gone.

The Tories are in power still,

And I do believe they will

Pass that Old Age Pension Bill—

Go on ! When ?

When we're dead and gone.

All the Boers will love John Bull,

When ?

When we're dead and gone.

Ireland then will get Home Rule,

When ?

When we're dead and gone.

Sir Wilfred Lawson, where is he ?

He is now an ex-M.P.,

Liberals will in power be—

Go on ! When ?

When we're dead and gone.

Poor Old Joe will meet Oom Paul,

When ?

When they're dead and gone.

This Town will get a New Town Hall,

When ?

When we're dead and gone.

Now Portobello town, 'tis true,
Has got a Public Park in view ;
They'll have Cable Tramways, too—
 Go on ! When ?
 When we're dead and gone.

Our Promenade they will extend.
 When ?

 When we're dead and gone.
Electric light from end to end.
 When ?

 When we're dead and gone.
Our new Lord Provost, don't forget,
Will be as true as steel, you bet ;
But Cranston will be Lord Provost yet—
 Go on ! When ?
 When we're dead and gone.

1901.



SONG—"MEDLEY."

Air—"Kitty's Sun Bonnet."

If indigestion you have got, now why should you endure it?
When but a simple Beecham's pill is certain sure to cure it.
Ah! Beecham's Pills have gained renown, each box is worth a
guinea,
I'm told they're used extensively all over Craigentenny.

And if you have consumption, too, rheumatics or a bunion,
No longer you'll be troubled if you send a note to Munyon.
Of course you've heard of Provost Brand and Provost Mitchell
Thomson,
But have you heard of Provost Oats, for they cure indigestion.

If you have aches, if you have pains, try Holloway's Pills and
Ointment,
They'll put your troubles all away, you'll have no disappoint-
ment;
And Eno's Fruit Salt's good, no doubt, and *he knows* how to
sell it,
One dose will be enough, no more, yes even if you smell it.

Cheer up! Cheer up! try Sunlight Soap on every place affording,
In every street, on every wall, on every bit of boarding;
And Lipton's Gorgonzola Cheese, he says it can't be beat, O!
I fancy that would be the case, if let loose on the street, O!

Oh, Rowantree! O Rowantree's Cocoa is the best,
Its gained renown in every town, North, South, East and West;
And use Pear's Soap for dirty hands, 'twill make them soft and
pretty,
But Brooke's is best for pots and pans, and that concludes my
ditty.

The curtain's down, and he has made his exit
From off the pantomimic stage
Whereon he shone
Like a star seen once upon its orbit,
And then is gone.

The curtain's down, the last lines spoken
By one who charmed with voice and gesture
The happy throng,
Who showed by every sign and token
They loved his song.

The curtain's down, his voice no more
Shall rise and fall in cadence sweet
On willing ears,
No more respond to rapt encore,
'Tis hushed 'mid tears.

The curtain's down, and he is now at rest
Who might have lived had rest been sought
While lingering here,
His life he gave, and of his gifts the best
To help and cheer.

N. W. R. J.

Portobello, 5th April 1902.









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